

(From the Sydney Mail, July 16.)

The Clarence has about 1300 acres of fine alluvial land under cane. About one-sixth of its area is represented upon our table, the returns being from 21 growers, who furnish as full particulars as those of the Macleay. The weather during the past week has been exceedingly favourable to the progress of this undertaking. The men have been working

realisation of the business in which they themselves are engaged, nor do we think the proprietor of a transportation theatre or gaff would venture to risk the production of a show which contained a lesson and an apology for thieves. The Unionists who indignantly repudiated a connection with the peculiar function in Sheffield society discharged by Mr. Broadhead ought to protest, we should say, against the sympathy displayed for the views by which Broadhead was inspired, and which we learn are received with acclamation at the Theatre Royal of their town.

(Translated for the Sydney Morning Herald from the

A true copy "Le prefet des Bouches des Rhone."
LEVERT.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

INTERCOLONIAL NEWS

VICTORIA.

We (*Herald*) understand that the medical authorities have been most assiduous in their endeavours to ascertain the sanity or insanity of Supple. Supple's health is keeping up pretty well, and he is much calmer than when at first arrested; but still there is no change whatever in Supple's feelings towards G. P. Smith, and his intense conviction that in some way or other he was injured by him.

Shopkeepers and others who indulge in expensive plate-glass windows (observes the *Argus*) often run great risks from the indelicacy of persons who may have a spite against them. An instance occurred the other day, when

coach. The outgoing coach from Hobart Town to Launceston was in the evening detained for an hour in conse-

ascades, he stepped backward, and, fell on some other large iron weight.

We learn that some serious defalcations are reported as having been discovered in connection with Mr. S. Mocatta's

of sugar has been delivered from the
nt of duty. The amount of duty wh

From Auckland we have files to the 7th instant. From the papers we extract the items of news from the various provinces:—

pendant servants.—A fire occurred in Sawyer's Bay causing the total destruction of Messrs. Evans and Mal

BAY, 1ST JULY.—A slight shock

House. Out of doors, many of the alterations in the tariff had been condemned, particularly the corn protective duty.

however, informed that sentence was

dictation of the senate, and the continuation, if desired, of the present Cortes in their ordinary and normal in their constituent character, would, according to M. Ardanza, form a tolerable plan, which would allow us to await with greater peace than we now enjoy the moment when the monarchy designated by the fundamental code shall pass from the state of a dead letter to that of a living reality. . . . The President of the Ministerial Council replied to the political part of M. Ardanza's speech in temperate and dignified terms, and with an accent of sincerity

Spanish nation, and of the ill success which hitherto attended his efforts, at the same time that

evince a downward tendency. Quotations: 12s to 13s per 100 lb.

Fat Sheep.—A fair supply has been offered.

A SCOTCH BARONY REVIVED.—The Borthwick post

Mr. Patrick Borthwick, of Edinburgh.

alleged, Charter Precept and Sasine, purporting to be dated in 1489, and produced for the first time by a family opposing as from their own repositories. Mr Archibald Borthwick died in 1815, before any judgment had been pronounced on his claim, and the question has practically been in abeyance since then till 1867, when the present Lord Borthwick, having become satisfied that he could disprove the authenticity of these documents, revived his grandfather's claim, and, without any opposition being now offered to it, or to the validity of his claim, has succeeded to it.

[illegible]

METROPOLITAN INTERCOLONIAL EXHIBITION.

There is evident a disposition to try a greater number of varieties. Thus the Dark Purple, Light Purple, Ribbon, and China are tried; but the Black Java, the Dark Purple seems too delicate for lowlands.

Trashing is generally practised, and the price is very various; but some cost less than others. Frost and wind have done a little injury, but, on the whole, very little. The planting on this river did not take place before the spring of '68; and as little or no cane was cut last year, the four mills now ready will have a double crop now before them. Drainage does not seem to have been done, and as to mature one respondent says that he means to use lime, another that he has used animal manure. The particulars of cost are interesting, but show a general coincidence with the Macleay prices. Some discrepancies appear, however, which show that the questions were not quite understood. By the light of the results gathered during the coming season these figures will be of more value. Confidence appears to be very high in sugar culture, and the remark found in one return may be taken to represent the general opinion—"My crop, although neglected, is heavy; I am satisfied it will pay well at the price now given."

And now, lastly, the Richmond, where about 300 acres of fine rich land are under cane. The returns are from nineteen settlers, farming 99 acres of cane, so that this river is perhaps the best represented upon the table. The principal varieties of cane are the two purples, ribbon and China; but, as a whole, the planting is too recent to allow of many results. Scarcely any injury is recorded from flood, wind, or frost. The land generally has been cleared, and planted with the hoe, in a very inexpensive manner, and the idea of draining and manuring is scouted as exceedingly wild. The demand for crushing power is earnest, and the expectation is expressed that sugar on the Richmond will prove an immense success, considering the quantity of rich land to be had, and the gentleness of the climate.

On some occasions it is our intention to look a little particularly into the details of cost in preparing the land.

The three gentlemen who kindly undertook the duty of determining the merits of the 138 samples of wine sent to the Agricultural Society, and forming part of the Exhibition of 1870, have got through their arduous duty with the assistance of the assiduous stewards, Messrs. Hall and Beit. Some ten or twelve days were given to it, and an hour, or an hour and a half each day. Besides 26 samples which were from South Australia, the affair was confined to New South Wales growers, and never were a finer set of wines produced in this colony. The South Australian wines stand well. They take two first prizes, one second, and several honourable mentions; Mr. Joseph Gillard, of Norwood, being the most successful. Some new makers come to the front, such as Mr. G. Cox, of Wimbourne, Dr. Mackay, Mr. Adams, and others; and the old ones, such as Sir William Macarthur and Messrs. Wyndham sustain and add to their well-earned reputation. In the younger white wines Mr. Cox and Mr. Adams take a first place; in the younger red wines Messrs. Wyndham, except the sweet wines, where the South Australia (Mr. Gillard) leads off. But the list of awards is before our readers, who can read for themselves. It is to be supposed that the prize-winners will be very well satisfied with the result of the process; but what of the others? We understand that the unsuccessful men were to be told why and in what particular they were put aside. It was said that the Society had arranged that these exhibits should be judged according to a system of points, a maximum number being affixed to each quality of a specified series; and that table would be produced that really would render the judging instructive to all concerned, as it should be; but such facts are not given. We only know who stands first—but where the others are no one knows. If the judges are useful in giving one class of information they would be far more useful and no more offensive in giving the other. Probably these facts are reserved for publication in the Society's Journal; or it is that these gentlemen are recalcitrant, and that the following observation of the stewards applies to this affair:—"We regret to say that the judges could not be prevailed upon to comply with rule 46 of the Society's Regulations?" We hope for the best.—*Sydney Mail*, July 16.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

(From the Athenaeum.)

So far as our opportunities permit us to form a judgment of the character and quality of this Exhibition, it is about on a level with the average of its forerunners, noteworthy on account of the presence of pictures by nearly all the Academicians and Associates, and marked, though not deeply, by a slight deficiency of power on the part of several of those outsiders whose works supply to the critic some of the most interesting materials for studying the signs of the future of English Art. It is to these that the student turns with most curiosity, for he knows that certain limits, tell what order of work veteran painters will send, and what will be the value of the productions of artists in their prime; but he cannot so easily decide what the young artist who has already proved his powers will do. There is, too, the never-absent hope of the appearance of a new man with new powers; the hopes of the observer grow faint and fainter as each year teaches him that in Art, as in other things, powers develop and grow more or less rapidly; but not like mushrooms. So it sometimes happens that when the outside world is enraptured by the appearance of a new favourite, and enjoys the event with greater zest because of its apparent suddenness, the critic all the while knows the next star to be mere tinsel, and what is worse for the popular feeling, the well-worn tinsel of a provincial stage; this happened in the case of a painter of landscapes which were so showy that they captivated "the world" in London for a season, and that world adored a melo-dramatic veteran with an ardour that was due to a youthful and real genius. Critics laughed, if they did not grieve, over the catastrophe which followed when the truth was learnt, and the new favourite repeated himself on the next year's stage, and was convicted of having but one trick. Of the eminent painters whose works are hung on the walls of the galleries in Burlington Gardens we may name Sir Edwin Landseer, whose five pictures maintain his reputation; Mr. Macleay, who in a single picture did, to the last, admirably, and refreshed those laurels which were won in studies that culminated with the great works at Westminster and the "King Cophetua" in last year's exhibition. This single picture is entitled "The Earl of Desmond and Ormond" (197). Mr. Hook is at least equal to his recent self in

three pictures, two of which show that he has chosen fresh fields in Holland and among Dutch fishermen; in the third he is again on his old ground, if one may say so, of a Cornish coast picture, which is styled "Sea Bathers" (1029), trawling for prawns; the first-named paintings are entitled "Brimming, Holland" (158), and "Fish from the Dogger Bank" (83), a scene at Scheveningen, a subject which we need not say is not treated in Stanfield's vein. Mr. Linnell contributes "Sleeping by the Sea" (1948). Mr. J. F. Lewis appears brilliantly in eight pictures. Mr. Poole is represented with felicity equal to that which has so often charmed us by an illustration of the legend of Onesti, as related in the Decameron (176). Mr. Holman Hunt is not here at all. Mr. Poynter appears less fully than we hoped with "Andromeda" (137), and the designs for his mosaics at Westminster. Mr. Legros is in force with "Scene de Barricade" (119). "Pietres an Latrin" (139), an old priest before an organ, and such a one praying, styled "Vicillard on Priere" (228). Mr. A. Moore proves his strength in Art by "A Garden" (996). Mr. Leighton's illness prevented the completing of a large and noble picture which we described on the 5th of February last (*Athen*, 2206), and represents Hercules struggling with Death for the resuscitation of Alceides; the painter has, however, sent a small work of comparatively minor importance but great beauty, named "A Nile Woman" (163). Mr. Watts has "Daphne" (1018) standing naked among laurels, "Fata Morgana" (193), and a portrait (107). Mr. Elmore has done honour to himself in "Louis the Thirteenth and Louis Quatorze" (161); "There is no greater grief or misery than the remembrance of our happy days" (336). Mr. Prinsep sends "The death of Cleopatra" (10), which we have described (*Athen*, 2206). "The Day of Doom" (435), a damped throwing open of the door of a room before her by thrusting against it a tray laden with china. The costume of Queen Anne's days has been adopted by Mr. Prinsep in this case with eminent success, equal to that which in another mode attended "Hetty," and "An Amateur Dairymaid" of last year's Exhibition. He has not repeated that poetical mistake he then styled "Bacchus and Ariadne." More in this painter's true vein than the last or the first-named picture of this series is a lady "Reading 'Sir Charles Grandison'" (10), and seated at a table in a small chamber with the book before her—a charming work of original grace and spirit, and like "A Dish of Tea," finely coloured. Among the popular artists in the coarser variety of genre, Mr. E. Nicol does not appear at present. Mr. T. F. Fildes pleases all admirers with "When the Day is Done" (192) and "Highland Mother" (968). Likewise will Mr. Yeames with "Maundy-Thursdays" (17), "Visit to the Haunted Chamber" (157), and "Love's Young Dream" (475). Mr. Pettie may be said to be true to himself with "A Sally" (180), "Tis Blythe Mayday" (412), and "Touchstone and Audrey" (909). Mr. E. Cowe has "The Vestal" (965). Mr. A. Hughes has "Sir Galahad" (324) and "Endymion" (388). Mr. Storey has "Only a Rabbit" (934), sportsmen returning with little spoil, and that of low degree, are thus saluted, and "A Duet" (11), a De Hooghe-like picture, of fine quality. Mr. Hodgson sends some Algerian subjects,—"The Basha's Black Guards" (923), a gambling scene; "Arab Prisoners" (1023), a halt by a spring. Mrs. E. M. Ward is at her best with "The First Interview with the Divorced Empress Josephine with the King of Rome" (916). Several French pictures will attract attention, the more so on account of the fame of one among them, which is already known by an engraving, and the high position that its author, Mr. Gerome, holds in Art. "The Death of Marshal Ney" (118). Face downwards lies the great captain on the edge of the pavement, his head in the damp and slimy road, with just a dark red mark below his jaw, but not another sign of horror or a violent death, unless a certain pallor under the bronzed skin, extending to the lips in a purple hue, be horrid. There is enough of this, however, in the prominence of the figure, in the old-fashioned blue coat, black silk stockings and shoes, and the Celtic character of the features; which are shown bull-like beneath the short-cropped hair. The power of the painter appears in the terrible simplicity of the design. In the figure there is not, however, exhausted his genius. Behind this dead wall is made to tell again the tale of death, and by means of eight little marks, or dimples, showing where the bullets struck and scattered the coarse white plaster with which it was covered, so that two little heaps of white dust, which have fallen from the dimples to the foot of the wall and on the damp earth near the feet of the Marshal, declare where a few moments since he stood, who was once a country attorney's son, a prince, and victor in eighty battles; there they placed his back on that chilly and misty morning while the lantern yet glimmered against the dawn. The scanty trees of the Luxembourg garden stand ghost-like in the gloom, and the broken lines of tall bushes hinted that Paris as well as the Marshal ended there. The soldiers, on his followers, leave him now alone and off at a quick pace, their bayonets irregularly moving, as is the French way with bayonets, and the bearers whisper to each other; their officer, in an uncouth great-coat, turns to look at what has been done. Some one scratched "Vive l'Empereur" on the wall, marking the plaster; an unfinished "Vive" is painted on it in blood-red, as if with the blood of France and Europe. Of technical defects this picture has none; its execution is as complete as its design. Mr. Gerome has also "Jerusalem" (985). M. Alma-Tadema claims a place of honour in our memories, but must receive with the applause which is due to what is now before us the expressions of our regret that these works show signs of haste to reap the fruits of skill with less cost of study than usual. The ablest of the pupils of Leys has soon begun to forget the steps by which he won honours and fame. His natural ability is shown as before; his brilliant colour, the cream of archaeological studies, rare chiaroscuro, and the complete power to put the elements of a picture together, are in three works before us, but neither of them shows such sound and careful treatment as we expected from the artist's hands. They are even more vivid and richer in colour than their forerunners, but they are less promising and less valuable as works of Art. "Un Amateur Romain" (Empire) (970) represents an amateur showing a newly-bought bronze statue to his aesthetically-inclined friends and members of his household, in the *atrium* of his mansion. Seated on a low bench which is placed near one of the gigantic columns of polished marble which inclose the place, and support the roof of the cloister that ends in pictures and mosaics and covers sculptures, as in a museum, is the host, an old man who—by a capriciously designed action—hoodlums with outstretched

hands motions to a slave to turn the figure this way or that, to suit the light or display such and such contours as he may wish observed. This is a fine figure, and with the over-ornate look of the whole is thoroughly Roman; Roman likewise are the harsh, unlovely faces of those who stand here, as if they had to learn Art and did not feel it; they take to it because it is fashionable. Roman, too, are the heavy, semi-barbarous costumes, such as that of the lady, a blue-stocking, who is the only one of her sex who is present at the unveiling of the figure. We have written of the mode of telling the story. Of the technical qualities of the picture let us add that it is a masterpiece of rich coloring and power in rendering textures and surfaces; of the robes of the men and the women are remarkable in both these respects, and for the latter in particular the painting of the shining marbles, the sadder bronze, and the mosaic of the floor should be noted. A fountain springs in the *atrium*, the veiny marble shafts of which, glowing in sunlight, sustain a superb figure of a *merse* and griffin; note the pictures on the wall; the statue we call "Venus of the Capitol" is in the cloister, with candelabra, vases, and a hundred other Roman niceties. "Un Interieur Romain" (148) shows another *atrium*, but of a very different kind from that which is represented in the last picture; an old Roman female is reading from a MS. to a girl, who, wrapped in a turquoise robe, lies on a couch curled up, and dreaming, or thinking. A young slave blows at a fire on which is a bronze vessel containing a woman's mess. Behind, the term of the Emperor is wreathed with roses; at the side of the entrance hang curtains of black and deep red, with Etruscan patterns of strange dances and incantations represented upon it. A portrait is on a pillar, with doors as in a triptych; without, preparations for a meal go on in a vine-hung place; near the nursing girl is the shallow water of the usual fountain, unshaken by a falling stream, and warm in its marble bed. The mosaic of the floor is plain white. Notwithstanding the want of solidity and honest painting which we observe here, the vigour and charm of both these pictures are undeniable, and delightful to the student. M. Alma-Tadema's third picture we shall notice next week. It is time we turned to an English painter; and we may begin with the works of Mr. Millais, which are unusually numerous and powerful. The largest, if not the best of these, is "The Knight-Ermit" (202) delivering a damsel, which may be called a Spenserian subject, and in which the figures are life-sized. The scene is the interior of a wood, and many huge rocks are strewn on the earth; between many tree-trunks we catch a glimpse of light and of a figure flying in fear. The time is between night and day; a silvery but uncertain light pervades the place beneath the foliage, and is reflected from it and the rock-strewn floor. In bright light and in front stands the naked figure of the damsel; bound to a tree by a girdle, which likewise knots her hands together. She is clothed only in her golden hair; her robes lie at her feet, where the robbers threw them. One of these lies dead among the stones, and just behind is the figure of the knight who slew him, and who is now half-abashed at, yet proudly releases her, cutting the bonds with his sword, doing so, one must confess, rather awkwardly, and as if that weapon were really a large, sharp pocket-knife, instead of a strong weapon made to cut by force of arm, not by keenness of its edge. Of the two ladies, the knight is immovably the better; with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, it is earnest, pure, ascetic, intense, and superbly painted; whereas that of the woman is not over pure in character or refined in expression, somewhat feverish-looking, and the carnations of the cheeks appear veiny, as in lower faces. On the other hand, especially of its inner lines, the painting, drawing, and modelling of the female figure, difficult as that subject is—probably the most difficult of artistic exercises—are admirable; the contours are fine and large, the forms refined and sound, the textures smooth and yet not wax-like; the drawing is capital, the carnations rich, and having that inner golden hue which has been discoverable in all finely painted flesh since Titian's time, and gives to the whole a softness and a glow which is, in the best appreciated when matched with examples that are defective in this respect, as the flesh of academical painters, such as wit, as Ary Scheffer. The painting of the knight's armour is worthy of Mr. Millais, or of Giorgione;—one cannot say more. This picture will please all is called "A Flood" (91), and represents a child floating in its old wooden cradle upon the bosom of a torrent, just as it has been borne out of a cottage; it goes gently and smoothly in a dangerous course, with a little black kitten for a fellow voyager. The babe unconsciously goes on its way and turns, laughing and delighted, as the ark approaches a tree where the goldenfishes flatter the boughs, which glitter with drops of rain or heavy rain in the distance is the flooded village, and the father of the little one approaches to the rescue in a punt on the stream, which has risen half-way up the hay-stacks, and yellow with its charge of earth, rushes and swirls swiftly. A pig has been floated out of its home, and makes way as well as it can. Beyond the village, trees rise with uplands, and a mist veils the distance. It is impossible to find fault with this picture; in its way it is perfect. "The Boyhood of Raleigh" (194). Walter Raleigh and his brother listening to the tale of a Genoese sailor (334), will charm a scarcely smaller class of spectators than that to which the last-named picture appeals. The three are sitting in the sun, behind a low pier or wall, whence we look, as from a battery, on to the sea, which, shimmering and barred with delicate hues of blue and green, reflects a sunny sky. At the feet of the group lie starfish, seaweed, and the waste of a beach; near them is a rusty anchor, and, by some stuffed birds of outlandish sort, these mariners have shown to the enraptured lady, who, with faces that are equal in intensity of expression, differ greatly in character and beauty. The sailor has his back towards us, and points with outstretched arm, as if to the off-land he describes, and raising the palm of the other hand as to express his thoughts of the place and its wonders. The boys face us; one is wrapped in thought, all in a heap, with hands clasped behind his knees, thrusting forth the breast of childish faces with his potent eyes fixed on the speaker. The other lad is in black, holds his chin on his hands, his head a little on one side, and listens with hardly less heed than his brother. These expressions need no comment; the faces are admirably painted. There is fine execution in the details of this work. Mr. Millais has reproduced, with evident pleasure, the old-fashioned old timber which, bleached by sun, drenched in storms, and split by frosts, lies

near the speaker. This is a work of extraordinary power, with a perfect charm in the eager boys. We reserve notice of Mr. Millais's other works. Many will turn to their catalogues of this gathering with pleasant memories of "Celia's Harbour," of last year, and previously painted works by Mr. G. D. Leslie. These pleasant memories will be revived by "Fortunes" (104). Groups of damsels are gathered in a garden, and on a rustic bridge over a watercourse. Four girls sit by the wall of the pleasure at the side of the bridge; a basket of flowers is at the feet of the latter; from this they have cast full-blown blooms into the water, and in that mode of divination which is so ancient, and is still almost universal, essay to learn their nuptial fortunes; as the flowers sink, stay, or swiftly swim, so is presumed to be their ladies' luck. The water has already prophesied ill of one questioner, for her rose has gone to a little cascade; another quickly floats along, its fate as yet undecided. Two damsels of the larger group sit on the wall: one wearing a white hat is gazing rather nervously at the roses in her lap; another, with a puppy on her knees, has matrimonial fortunes. A gold brunette, with last and pearls in lazy luxury at the trial. Another, demure and earnest, sits on the grass with a damask rose in her lap, holding it steadily and anxiously. This is a charming picture—the faces are exquisite, richly varied in beauty and expression; the attitudes are finely varied and always graceful; the colour is deliciously tender and warm. It is Mr. Leslie's best picture. "Carry" (216), a young lady sitting in a greenhouse, and day-dreaming over a book, is a capital portrait. It will not be unfair to consider the work of one of the ablest of "outsiders" to the Royal Academy. Mr. F. Walker's picture "The Housewife" (440), will attract all eyes, and will be much admired for its spirit and fine painting. It illustrates in a homely manner the verse of the Psalmist (cxv. 23): "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." A grand and grave landscape glows in the last gleam of sunset, and a pale light of day, just when the moon's pale face stands behind rocky cumuli and over the tops of a line of Somersetshire hills, which, formed of red sandstone, are quarried deeply in their flanks, and reflect the sun ardently; trees fringe the edge of the excavation, and mark its summit against the sky. Deeply-lined swaths sweep in a graceful form towards us; deep shadows lie among the foliage which gathers at its foot. A plough has, in the work of the day, trenched so as to form a broad band of purple earth, now that the work is nearly over, and the team and drivers are making a last turn nearly in front of the picture; in the corner, a horse and driver have gone a little wrong in the course, or the share has caught at an obstacle, for the ploughman shouts to the horses and their attendant, and presses with all his might on the handles, as if he guides them; and the boy, a graceful figure, pulls at the bridle of the nearer and taller horse, as he runs by its side, his lithe form contrasting with its bulk. A little stream, brimmed by autumn, and sparkling as it goes, rushes in a narrow bed along the foreground, hastening to the sea. Thistle-down blows away, the leaves are nearly gone, the ashes and alders are almost bare. The colour of this picture is powerful and true, the drawing, not alone of the figures but of the trees, in every branch, and the herbage in each leaf is exquisite; the whole is as solid and brilliant as a tapestry, and a poem on canvas. Mr. Calderon has several brilliant pictures, the most important of which is "Spring driving away Winter" (1012). An old blue-robed woman is seated by a rock-wall just thawed, and warms herself by a scanty fire; Spring, an exuberant, flushed damsel, comes suddenly round the corner of the nook, and peels the other with fresh lilacs, of which her lap is full. She appears to have approached over the green and laughing sea of the distance, and the nearer yellow sands. This is a charming and spirited picture, with many exquisite points of colour, and there is grace in the young figure of the blooming virgin. Mr. Mason has a picture styled "Landscape, Derbyshire" (184). Cottage in twilight on the edge of a moor, and between a stream and a mountain; in the distance a range of mountains rise in many lines, and effects of light which seem about to melt; shadows and veils of tender mist bar the glowing horizon on our left, but on our right the hills sink to the plain, which, with a greenish haze, form the boundary on that side. Over the plain fades a sky, which is golden on the edge, fading to ashy-purple clouds, the outlines of which are blurred by lower and fievier vapours. The air is gathering gloom of dusky cloud, its higher ranges are filled with delicate clouds. With the houses is a clump of trees which, breaking off, reveals the hills and a gap, in which intense fire of sunset. In the twilight meadow a girl and a boy are at work. It would be hard to render an account of the poetical effect of these elements; suffice it that Mr. Mason never did better in this respect or in chiaroscuro and colours. Mr. Marks likewise is at his best with his pathetic and humorous "St. Francis preaches to the Birds" (409). The story is well known, and was often painted in the fourteenth century, noteworthy in the Church of the Saint at Assisi. The Saint saw the creatures gathered at a place near Bevagna, and, running hastily, saluted them as if they were his fellows in reason, and while they bent their heads in attentive expectation, he admonished them on their duty to God, so that the creatures were deeply moved and listened reverentially. In the picture, small birds are perched on the branches of a leafless willow, and gathered about the Saint, the bigger at the foot of the tree, the smaller among the leaves of the stork, crane, pelican, and other outlandish animals, with the duck, drake, &c., of homelier breeds, waders with long legs for running on the sea sand; ruckbirds, that are almost legless, squat self-righteously, if one may say so, on the grass, as before on their perches; here is a bittern, in his speckled brown suit; there the dandy "cobbler's-awl bird," neatly clad in black and white. As the "fashionable world" is apt to come late to church, so the arselets come late to the lecture, and ruffle their feathers to their place with self-consciousness that is worthy of "the central aisle;" here the carnal-minded king-fisher, a flash of blue fire, flies to its prey; there the swallow, heedless of service, swoops and swerves on the wing, between the preacher and his audience; gregarious geese come in a long line through the air, two and two, like a boarding school on a church-path. The expressions of the creatures are as admirably depicted as their actions, so that the characterisation of the picture is as rich as it is humorous. Nor has the graver element of his subject been neglected by the witty painter: one bird is shown to take, not without questioning, but still with simple faith, a dictum of St. Francis; some are lazy; others obtuse and

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received until the 1st August for the Erection and Completion of a Weatherboard Cottage, on brick foundation, at a Gentleman's Residence at Balmora. James McDonald, architect, Balmora.

SYDNEY INSURANCE COMPANY.

TO BUILDERS.—TENDERS are required for rebuilding the building No. 72, South Head Road (lately destroyed by fire).

Specification may be seen at the office of Mr. Munro, architect, 10, Market Street, Sydney, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, from 10 to 4 o'clock, to show the premises.

ALEXANDER THOMSON, Secretary.

15th July, 1870.

TO BUILDERS.—TENDERS are required till 2nd instant, for Masonry, Brickwork, and Plastering Trade of two small houses, in Dorset-street, Gloucester-street, and in Dorset-street, near Devonshire-street. Specifications at 608, Elizabeth-street, near Devonshire-street.

TENDERS will be received until the 20th instant, for the formation of road between Ashfield and Canterbury. For specification, apply Mr. E. E. Knapp, Junr., 131, Pitt-street.

TO BUILDERS.—Separate TENDERS are required for building a Shop in George-street. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Mr. EDWARD T. BLACKET, Pitt-street, from 10 to 4 o'clock, and may be addressed, on or before SATURDAY, August 6th. No tender will be accepted unless perfectly satisfactory.

TENDERS are invited to the 20th instant, for the building of a new Hotel on Trinity, from Prospect to the Western Railway. Apply for information to JOHN WALDING, Parramatta; or RICHARD WARREN, Ashfield, July 16th, 1870.

TENDERS wanted, for Flaxing 4 houses in Liverpool-street. Particulars at Chadwick's Saw Mills.

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